



## **The First Phone Call** by LiaGwriter

**Category:** Stranger Things, 2016

**Genre:** Angst, Romance

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Eleven/Jane H., Mike W.

**Pairings:** Eleven/Jane H./Mike W.

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2019-09-05 13:51:48

**Updated:** 2019-09-05 13:51:48

**Packaged:** 2019-12-12 17:29:27

**Rating:** K+

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 832

**Publisher:** [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

**Summary:** He longs to hear her voice - to know that she's okay, even though she's gone. Or: the first time Mike calls El after the move.

## The First Phone Call

A/N - Short drabble I posted on Tumblr a few weeks ago that figured I'd post here as well! Enjoy!

---

Mike sat in the center of his basement couch, clutching the small piece of paper between his fingers - the one El had slipped into his hand right before she left. "It's the number for our new place," she'd whispered. "You can call it, in case the walkie doesn't work."

He stared down at the numbers now, his heart wrenching at the sight of her crooked handwriting. He willed himself to stop fiddling with the paper, afraid the ink would rub off, but he couldn't contain his nervous energy.

*Two hours*, he reminded himself. *She said they'd be there in two hours.* Considering it then, he realized she hadn't told him *when* to call, exactly, just that he could. So should he wait for her to call after she arrived, then? Would that make more sense?

He glanced over at the phone, and his mind flashed back to the morning after the talk with Hopper. He'd been so nervous to pick up, knowing El was on the other end and that he was planning on lying to her. He slouched back against the cushions, shaking his head at how stupid that seemed now. He'd give anything to have that be his biggest problem again. Instead, he sat alone, stagnant as the space between him and El grew further and further.

*She's gone*, he thought. *Again.*

Tears began to blur his vision and he squeezed his eyes shut, forcing them away. He couldn't let himself cry, not yet. She might be gone, but he still wanted to be strong for her as long as he could. He kept looking at the phone, remembering how in the throes of their mutual (albeit temporary) heartbreak, Lucas sheepishly suggested they call the girls first. Mike had balked at the idea, unaware that it was even an option.

So much - too much - had changed since then. His world had been

built up and undone all over again. He thought about the look in El's eyes, the way she'd held his face and told him she loved him too, and the still-fresh residue of that feeling brimmed steadily on his heart. What did he have to be afraid of now?

He checked his watch. Just over two hours had passed, and unless they'd gotten stuck in bad traffic, they should have arrived. He decided to chance it. He walked over to the phone and punched the numbers in carefully, listening to the shrill ring. He studied the paper, praying El had written it correctly; she had her walkie, sure, but right then the phone felt like his only lifeline. Her voice would quell every bad feeling, like always. A moment later, there was a hitch mid-ring followed by a muffled "Hello?"

Mike frowned, recognizing the voice as Joyce's. "Hi Mrs. Byers," he said, trying and failing to sound confident.

"Oh, hi Mike," she said back, sounding friendly, if resigned. "She's right here - just a sec." He was about to say thank you when he heard El's voice.

"Mike."

She sounded tired, her voice a little raspy, and he tried not to consider the fact that it was probably because she'd been crying. He took a slow breath.

"Hey, El. You made it okay?"

"Yeah. The drive was... alright."

"Oh, that's good," Mike replied, attempting to sound upbeat. "How's the house?"

"It's nice," she said, her tone lifting slightly. "My room is a lot bigger."

"That's great, El. I'm... happy you're okay." He knew the instant the words left his mouth that they didn't sound genuine. He *was* glad that everything seemed fine, but... they both knew it wasn't, not really. It never would be when they were apart.

"We're going to set some things up," El told him. "Maybe I'll call you

tonight, before bed?"

Mike nodded, smiling into the phone in spite of his sadness. "Sure, that sounds good."

There was a pause, and he worried the phone had cut out. But after a beat she spoke again. "I miss you, Mike."

"I miss you too, El." he said, fidgeting with the paper again as he struggled to keep his voice from wavering. "But we'll talk soon, okay? I'll wait for your call. I'll be here."

"Promise?"

"Promise. And El?"

"Yeah?"

"I love you," he told her. "So much."

He sighed, relieved that he was able to keep the mental promise he'd made when he picked up the phone: that he would say 'I love you' first that time, no hesitation, no fumbling over his words.

"Mike," she breathed, laughing in a way that was so characteristically El it made his heart sing. "I love you too."

---

**Leave reviews/thoughts/suggestions! Thanks for reading :)**